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THE MONIST.

THE HOLINESS OF INSTINCT.

I.

THE soul of man has commonly been regarded as the battleground of two opposing influences. These have been often conceived as extrinsic, namely, angels and demons, Evil and Good ; but more frequently as intrinsic and inherent, as elevating impulses upon the one hand, against degrading on the other ; soul against body, immortal against mortal.

The latter views fall mainly into two great classes, one in which both conflicting forces are regarded as equally immanent and indigenous ; the other, in which the higher or spiritual contestant is regarded as acquired or imported at comparatively late stages of development,—“breathed in,” as its name implies, by some super-human power. According to the former view, the nobler impulses of man’s nature are proofs of his fall from a higher estate—remains of an Edenic condition of purity ; traces of a lost innocence and holiness. This is the view of the Old Testament theology, and has probably found its highest and most beautiful expression in Wordsworth’s familiar ode “On Recollections of Immortality.”

“Trailing clouds of glory, we do come from God, who is our home.”

The other, which is that of the New Testament, and of the Fathers and dogmatic theologians generally, is that of the two warring elements one is primitive, carnal, animal, sinful, while the other is secondary, spiritual, ethereal, holy. For example, Paul declares : “I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good

thing"; urges us to "mortify the flesh with the affections and lusts," and cries out in despair: "Who shall deliver me from this dead body" (literally, "body of death"). And not only Christian theologians, but Buddhist monks, philosophers of all creeds and of no creeds, poets, mystics, dreamers of every sort and age, have revelled in it and re-echoed it until it has become a part of the household furniture of the thought of the world.

The twofold constitution of man's nature, from a mere figure of speech has come to be regarded as a literal, material fact.

The higher part, generally known as the soul, is properly assumed to have become joined with the lower part or body, much as a flower-seed might have taken root in a patch of soil. It is admitted that they are absolutely dependent upon one another, the soul for its existence, the body for its graces, and not a scrap of ponderable evidence can be adduced of the possibility of the existence of either apart from the other, and yet in flat contradiction of every other similar instance in nature, the bitterest enmity is supposed to exist between them. The impulses of the body are, above all things, to be distrusted, repressed, and dreaded by the soul. "Whatever is flesh is sin," while the aspirations of the soul are equally certain to be opposed, thwarted, and, if possible, brought to naught by the body. "The mind of the flesh is enmity against God." The most favorable view that we are permitted to take of the body is that it is a slow, stupid, extremely exasperating, but useful servant; a necessary evil which must be tolerated and even humored to some extent, because it would be difficult to get along entirely without it. This was the feeling of the monk Francis d'Assisi, who, though so full of love for all others of God's creatures that he actually conceived and carried out the beautiful idea of formally preaching the Gospel to the birds and the fishes on the lake-shore, could only find it in his heart to say of his own body, when told that it had been so weakened by fastings and vigils as to be hopelessly diseased, "I have sinned against my brother, the ass."

But even this amount of contemptuous toleration is rare. More commonly the body is described and regarded as "a dull clod," a

“house of clay,” a “sepulchre,” a prison against the bars of which the imprisoned soul beats its wounded pinions until Death comes to its release. All of which is about as reasonable as if a buttercup should revile the soil which hung about its roots and forcibly prevented it from floating off across the meadow-lands with every zephyr that blew. The soil has not only produced the buttercup, but will produce, after it has passed away, thousands of nobler, grander forms than anything its shallow, little, golden pate could even conceive of. Even so the body-stuff of these ecstatic dreamers has not only produced them, dreams and all, (though how much to its own credit is to be doubted,) but has within itself grander and lovelier possibilities than even the loftiest imaginings can depict, to say nothing of the morbid, childish phantasmagoria which form the bulk of such “visions”:

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

But the truly “spiritually-minded” of all creeds do not stop even here. It is not enough for them to regard the body as a mere clog upon the flight of the soul, a passive hindrance to spiritual progress, but they openly declare war upon it as their soul’s bitterest enemy, and as something actually sinful in itself, a creature so degraded and so essentially vicious, that to deprive it of its comforts, thwart its impulses, nay, even torture it and refuse to supply its simplest wants, becomes positively meritorious. The renunciation (in plain English, cowardly desertion) of wife and children, parents,—in short, of all family and social ties, the abstaining from food, from drink, from shelter and warmth, scourging the back with chains until the blood comes, cutting the feet into ribbons by barefoot pilgrimages over stony roads, lying stark naked upon icy pavements all night long, and even such well-nigh ludicrous “mortifications” as wearing hair shirts, walking with peas in one’s shoes, refusing to wash, comb the hair, change the clothing, have been accepted as deeds of saintly odor. In fact, the principle appears to be that the more a man can humiliate and torture his body, the more he will glorify and please the God who made it.

To such an extreme has it been carried, that not only are the selfish appetites and impulses of the body to be repressed, but even its kindly, altruistic ones. Paul commands us to "mortify the flesh, with the *affections*" as well as the lusts thereof; and even in our own century grave and learned theologians, after much deliberation, have decided that "natural goodness" and the "graces of nature" are sins in the sight of God, and even deeds of righteousness by the unregenerate will be counted against them as sins in the great day of judgment. To say that such utter antagonism between plant and soil, egg and nest, fish and water, child and mother, is not only absolutely unparalleled but flatly contradictory to everything else in nature, would be simply waste of breath, for we should be promptly informed that we were "no longer under nature, but under grace." Fortunately the retort, "Deliver us from such grace," though instinctive, is unnecessary, for the remorseless logic of events has already accomplished this. Wherever this belief has gone, it has written its progress in letters of blood. Its true nature stands revealed, in the filthy, degrading hermit-craze, in the black plague of monasticism, with its fever fits, the inquisition, Jesuitism, St. Bartholomew's Eve, and "religious" murders and persecutions of every description, and has left a broad, black, shameful brand across the pages of European history, which has come perilously near stamping a bar-sinister across the escutcheon of Christianity.

By experience utterly discredited, practically dead, it survives only in the formal theology of the modern church, though, fortunately, like many of its associates there, it has become pure theory which every one believes, but no one dreams of living up to.

The dual conception of man's nature, with its conflict between two great opposing forces, is strikingly similar to that which is held in regard to the world about us. And like it, will, I think, be found upon closer study, to be based upon a misunderstanding, a judging from appearances, without investigating the real nature of the phenomena.

When we come to weigh the question systematically "which is the greater," good or evil, passion or virtue, love or selfishness, we are promptly driven to the unexpected and even unwelcome con-

clusion that there is no ground for debating the question, as absolutely all of these "opposites" are found to be merely varying intensities under different circumstances of one and the same set of impulses. Passion is but blameless, healthful appetite run riot. Hatred is but righteous resentment become morbid. Envy is a jaundiced desire to excel.

When it comes to specific deeds and actual instances, the essential identity becomes even more obvious. The fault of gluttony, for instance, does not lie in the impulse to eat, for that is one of the great primal appetites, without which the race would soon cease to exist. Nor in the kind of food consumed, for that may be both wholesome and nutritious; nor in the absolute amount, for that might be easily digested by a more vigorous or needy individual, but simply in the relative excess, the failure to control an originally beneficent impulse.

The crime of theft consists, not in the impulse to appropriate, for that is thrifty as applied to material objects, and saintly as directed to spiritual graces; not in the nature of the thing appropriated, nor in the position, size, or color; not even in the uses to which it is to be put, or its usefulness or uselessness to the acquirer. A man may take anything, of any value, by any means, without becoming a thief, providing that he does not know or reasonably conjecture that it belongs to some one else. He has a right to anything that he can lift, providing no one else has a prior claim. His liberty in this respect leaves off only where some one else's begins. The crime lies solely in an actual or possible injury to somebody else, a failure to balance self-love by love of one's neighbor. Adultery and fornication are indulgences of the great sexual or race-continuing instinct under unlawful conditions, in other words, under conditions which experience has shown to be injurious instead of beneficial to the race. Even the crime of crimes, murder, which with its horrid front and gory locks almost appears to have a demon-like existence of its own, an essential, self-evident atrocity, consists not in taking the life of a fellow-being, for this is justifiable,—nay, even at times commendable, in war, in defence of country or loved ones, as an officer of the law, to protect the rights and property of

others, even in the defence of one's own life,—nor in the time, manner, or circumstances of the deed, but solely in the destruction of another's life and happiness for inadequate, selfish, or malicious reasons.

In short, the “principle” of every sin that can be mentioned, except lying, is a natural, beneficent instinct. Crime is simply lack of control. Right and wrong are broadly considered purely relative terms.

Absolutely no impulse is primarily and essentially evil or sinful, though any may become so, if uncontrolled. No action is *of itself* wrong,—the circumstances under which it takes place alone determine its moral quality. This statement will appear like a truism to all who have calmly considered the question, but its converse may not be quite so readily accepted, though equally true and important, viz., that there is no impulse so high or holy that it may not, if followed to an extreme, become both degrading and sinful, and no action so beneficent or so saintly that it may not under certain circumstances be both harmful and immoral.

Take, for instance, the noble instinct of parental affection, the purest and most unselfish flame which burns in these earthen lamps of ours, a grace which blesses alike the possessor and the receiver—the very corner-stone of morality; and yet the relentless ferocity of the tigress who has cubs, the tragedies of Lear and Père Goriot, and the hundreds of humbler instances, familiar to us all, of spoiled sons and petted daughters who have been utterly ruined and brought shame and bitterness upon their families, solely from the unreasoning devotion and blind indulgence of a fond mother or doting father, would at once suggest themselves as illustrations of how even the most sacred affection, in excess, may become immoral.

The injustice which affection may work to those outside of its scope, and the corruption even, which it will introduce into public life, have been epitomised in one word, “Nepotism.”

Again, take the religious impulse,—the instinct of worship, the adoration of the mystery of the universe. It is a feeling inspiring in itself and ennobling in its tendencies. It has covered the world with its prayers in stone, the noblest architectural achievements of

the race, its temples, its shrines, its mosques, its cathedrals. It has been the nurse of poetry, painting, and literature, and the very mother of music. But when the student of history turns to the reverse of its medal of honor, and reads its deeply-cut record of persecutions and penances, of wars and of massacres, of crusades and inquisitions, of burnings and torturings, of fanaticism, intolerance, and oppression, he is driven to admit that even this lofty impulse uncontrolled, rapidly becomes a hurtful and degrading one.

Indeed, the line is so easily crossed that he is in sad doubt at times which side of the medal should be hung outward.

Even our sense of duty, our enthusiasm for the right, which is supposed to be our most nearly divine attribute and to lift us furthest above the brute, is capable of sad perversion. It has inspired some of the noblest characters and grandest actions of history, and would appear to be the one safe and absolutely trustworthy guide for humanity. "Only follow this," we are assured by philosophers, prophets, and priests of all creeds, "and all will be well." It is probably the safest single guide, but there is not a folly or a crime into which blind and unreasoning obedience to it has not led.

It is a sense of duty which leads the Brahman widow to cast herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband. It was a sense of duty which drove the best of the later Roman emperors to persecute the early Church, that inspired the obliquities and atrocities of Ignatius Loyola, that impelled Calvin to burn Servetus, and urged the Puritan to banish and hang the Quaker, and burn and torture helpless old women. Indeed, the "higher" and more "spiritual" an impulse, the more capable of perversion it would seem, if not constantly checked by our "lower" but kindlier and healthier instinct and affections. If it were not for the vigorous and incessant opposition of our bodily tendencies, our spiritual ones would precious soon exterminate the race.

Which are really the "higher"? Morality, like sanity, is everywhere and always a question of balance, of control, of moderation.

Love of self impels us forward until we are checked or deflected by the other great natural instinct, second only to it in power, love of others, beginning with love of offspring and extending and broad-

ening to love of the family-circle, the clan, the nation, the race. For every passion nature has provided an affection as a counter-check ; for every spring of action, a balance-wheel. Nay, more, if one passion becomes overbearing, all the others unite to oppose it. The path of Goodness, Sweetness, and Light is most surely reached and best followed, not by the deification of any one of our impulses and tendencies, but by an intelligent and reverent balancing of the promptings of all. That the resulting motion will always be in the right direction, is the Faith of those who believe in evolution.

This brings us to the question of the source and origin of what we are pleased to term our moral sense, those instincts which influence our conduct with regard to the rights and feelings of others rather than to our own, our altruistic impulses, the "sense in us for conduct," as Matthew Arnold terms it ; and here is where the ray of the Fifth Gospel becomes far brighter and more cheering than that of the Fourth.

The position of St. John is a perfectly simple one. Conscience is the direct voice of God, "the Light that lighteth every man,"—a principle far above and utterly different from anything which would possibly have developed out of poor, sinful, selfish human nature. It is to over-ride, not only the passions, but also the affections and sympathies of humanity ; nay, more, that all these are utterly contrary to and in opposition to it. "Whoso hateth not father or mother, for my sake, is not worthy of me." "Whosoever forsaketh father, or mother, or wife, or children, for my sake and the Gospel's shall receive . . . Eternal Life." Every natural instinct is thus practically placed upon the side of Wrong, and Right can only be saved from defeat by the continual interposition of the Deity. Human nature, which this Deity is supposed to have created in his own image, is not to be trusted for a moment. With such a view, is it any wonder that it has been a "religion of suffering," of sadness, and of despondency. "Narrow is the gate and strait is the way that leadeth unto Life, and few there be that find it." "For if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinner and ungodly appear?"

On the other hand, we have the "utilitarian" theory of Spen-

cer, the "greatest happiness" theory of Mill, the "refined selfishness" one of Bentham, all of which derive this exquisite faculty from the purely selfish impulses of man's nature. It is an enlightened self-interest, modified by experience, in fact. And I regret to say that modern evangelical Christianity has practically swung round to the same ground, inasmuch as the main incentive to right-doing which it urges, is the hope of escaping hell or gaining heaven.

Compare all of these with the view "from a natural standpoint," developed by the Master in his immortal chapter on the moral sense in *The Descent of Man*. Here is absolutely the only conception which does not compel us to regard it as either beginning or ending in pure selfishness. How much more noble, satisfying, and adequate it is can only be appreciated on careful study and comparison with the others. The source of morality is seen to be in the social instincts and sympathies which are derived, not from tempered greediness or chastened self-interest, which has been whipped within the bounds of decency by repeated bitter experiences, but directly from the warm, beautiful, and unselfish family affections. Here is a source and a sanction as truly divine as anything imagined by John. And, best of all, it is nothing foreign or hostile to the rest of our nature, but, on the contrary, a part of it. Every other faculty of our being subordinates itself to it, and shares and glories in its triumph. So far from the lower instincts being hopelessly at war with and anxious to destroy the higher, they are their originators and faithful friends, so faithful, that in many cases they save the latter from its own excesses. There is no "crucifying" to be done, for we could not possibly afford to dispense with either. The impulses of the "flesh" within their proper limits, are seen to be just as holy as those of the "Spirit."

The love of the mother for her babe, of the boy for his careworn mother, of the husband for his sweeter self, are as divine as the devotion of the saint and the self-denial of the anchorite, and infinitely more beautiful and wholesome. No tendency can be condemned simply by calling it human; not even by stigmatising it as animal, for these beautiful, natural graces are by no means confined to the human family.

We sometimes forget that the affections and embryo moral instincts are just as truly "animal" as are the passions and lusts. Humanity can boast of no nobler, truer emotions than the love of the doe for her fawn, or the dove for her nestlings, the reckless bravery of the bear in defence of her cubs, or the partridge in protecting her young, the fidelity of the lory to his mate, or the dog to his master.

Call the muster-roll of our virtues, and see how many of them have their origin outside the human family. What superiority dare we claim over the "brutes," the birds, the bees, the ants, in courage, in perseverance, in affection, in industry, in devotion, in patient endurance.

The pedigree of two-thirds of our virtues is far longer than the human race. They are backed by the inheritance, not merely of our whole human lineage, but by that of our infinitely longer pre-human ancestry. Their strength is drawn from the life of all the ages.

Call the roll of our vices, and see how the case stands with them. Here is the list of Paul, who was a connoisseur in such matters, judging from the number he has tabulated: "Fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revellings."

If for the first of these we read, as was probably intended, "prostitution," and omit such as are obviously repetitions, namely, "strife," "wraths," "divisions," "envyings," and "revellings," out of the ten that remain only three can fairly be claimed to be of animal origin,—lasciviousness, enmities, jealousies. The others are purely human accomplishments.

No animal has yet been found guilty of prostitution for hire, of drunkenness, nor for obvious reasons, of idolatry, sorcery, heresy (or the burning of the holders thereof), of factions, of hate, of gambling, of lying, of commercial swindling, and only a few of them have "risen" to the dignity of wife-beating, of cruelty to children, or of slavery.

Take it altogether, our animal ancestors have quite as good reason to be ashamed of us as we of them. Indeed, it would almost seem as if one of the most common uses that man had made of the elevation he had attained had been to fall from it. Certainly the "higher" an impulse is, the more distressing the perversion of which it is capable. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

The cheering thing about it is that the pedigree of two-thirds of our vices is of mushroom length; that of our virtues reaches back through all the ages. Our virtues are older than we are.

What then is the true value of instinct as a guide? Of the very highest, popular impression and ecclesiastical teaching to the contrary notwithstanding. Instinct is the crystallised experience of thousands of generations. It is the golden seed-wheat chosen of a million harvests and a myriad threshing-floors. It ranks lower than reason because less of individual volition or judgment enters into it; but as a guide it is far safer, as a spring of action far more reliable and effective, and so far as it goes, has no superior. Our life-long struggle to form "good habits," as we say, is merely an effort to change rational preferences into instincts.

The beauty, the accuracy, and the beneficence of the instincts of the lower form of life have been the marvel and the admiration of every observer and philosopher,—nay, even of theologians. Out of a thousand instances we need merely suggest the architectural instincts of bees and ants, the migratory of birds and fishes, and the chrysalis-making one of grubs. But it is calmly assumed that in our own species alone they have utterly lost their force and value. Our pride would not permit us to depend upon or even recognise them, lest we should seem to admit our kinship to "mere brutes." Fortunately for us, they still remain with us in spite of our haughty refusal to officially recognise them, and control two-thirds of our actions; and it would be to our credit and benefit every way if they controlled the majority of the remainder. Every time we neglect them we suffer. It is, of course, hardly necessary to remind you that the great mass of our most important vital movements, such as breathing, swallowing, suckling, eating, drinking, walking, etc., would be impossible without them, but beyond all this, whenever

we can find an instinct to follow, it is safe to do so nine times out of ten, even under civilised conditions.

Ask any intelligent physician, and he will tell you that if civilised man would only follow his instincts in respect to fresh air, sunlight, exercise, food, water, bathing, etc., he would be far healthier, happier, yes, and more moral than he is. Our dyspeptic race would be better in every way, for a greater indulgence in "the pleasures of the table" (including *at least* twenty-two minutes for dinner), for more cat-like basking in the sun, for a good deal more "barbaric indolence," for more rebellion against the fiendish old Puritanic saw, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," for a more frequent giving way to the impulse to fling the yard-stick out of the window, and the ledger under the desk, and away to the woods, the fields, and the mountains; if the grown man would run away and "go swimmin'" as the boy does.

An excellent illustration is the case of intoxicants and narcotics. Did any one ever hear of a baby with an instinct for whiskey, or a child who enjoyed the taste of tobacco or the smell of a cigar? Tongue, nose, and stomach unite in their disapproval of all three, as the comic horror's of a boy's first smoke, and the racking headache of the freshman's spree abundantly testify. It is only by systematic and repeated repression of instinct by "reason" and "higher intelligence" that either of these habits is formed; yet we have the colossal impudence to say that a man who is reeling drunk has "*made a beast of himself*"!

And this is by no means an exceptional instance; indeed, it would not be too much to say that two-thirds of the diseases of civilisation are due to the neglect or deliberate repression of some instinct.

However valuable the instincts may be admitted to be in health, the almost universal impression is in both popular and professional circles that they are just the reverse in disease. The sick man is popularly supposed to want just those things he ought not to have, and to dislike just those things which are "good for him." And, indeed, altogether too much of both household and professional medical treatment was originally constructed on that very principle.

Its principal reliance was placed upon "bitters" of all kinds, the nastier the better, purges, emetics, asafœtida, blisterings, bleeding, starving,—in fact, the more disagreeable a drug or process, the more violent its effects, the greater its curative power was supposed to be. Even at this day a "medicine" must be bitter or it isn't much thought of by the patient, and a "hygienic dietary" is usually constructed simply by forbidding everything that the invalid has any liking for.

The simple truth of the matter is, unflattering as it may be to our professional pride, that even up to the middle of the present century the old demon-theory of disease had far too much influence over our therapeutics. Disease was still regarded as an entity which must be driven out of the body of the patient by more or less violent or repulsive means. This distrust of the instincts in disease is not medical, but priestly. The wonderful "progress of modern medicine" has consisted very largely in getting rid of this idea. Wounds, for instance, instead of being poured full of wine, or oil, or turpentine, or other irritating substances, or burned with hot irons, or kept gaping for weeks, "to establish suppuration," or dressed with earth, cobwebs, pitch, or even excrement, are now simply thoroughly cleansed, closed as accurately as possible, and protected by the softest and lightest of dressings. In short, we simply follow our natural impulses, imitate the lower animals, and the result is that our mortality rates, after both accidents and operations, are reduced fifty, sixty, and even eighty per cent.

In fevers, for instance, the parched and gasping patient, instead of being swathed up to his neck in blankets, kept in carefully heated and darkened rooms, with doors and windows religiously closed, forbidden cold water, or indeed cool drinks of any kind, as if they were deadly poison, and systematically starved upon a "fever regimen" of slops and washes of every description, is now placed between the coolest of sheets, and with the lightest of covering, in cool, breezy, sunshiny rooms, systematically fed with the most nourishing and digestible of foods, given all the water and fruit-juice he can possibly drink, not only bathed, but even put to soak in cold water.

Our most modern and most successful treatment of typhoid fever consists merely of a liberal milk-diet, encouraging the patient to drink at least a gallon of water a day, and plunging him into a cool bath whenever his temperature rises above a certain point. Again, we simply respond to the demands of poor, hot, thirsty nature; and by so doing have lowered the death-rate from sixteen per cent. to less than five per cent.

The value of instinct as a guide in morals is equally great, although there is here a certain amount of conflict between the individual or selfish instincts, and the social or altruistic ones. And, although it is true that the intensity of our necessary vital desires or appetites is oftentimes so great as to cause us to disregard the rights of others in their gratification, and thus violate our higher or social instincts, to sin, in theological language, yet it is also true, as beautifully pointed out by the Master, that the former are essentially temporary in their duration, and capable of but feeble recollections, while the latter are absolutely ceaseless in their action and produce by their violation lasting sensations, such as shame, remorse, loss of respect, feeling of isolation, etc., which become more vivid with each successive recollection. In fact, the higher instincts, though at the time feebler, are in the long run more than a match for the lower. It would be strange indeed if these instincts, which have *created* morals, were not still to be trusted in their domain.

What, then, is our final conclusion? That morality is natural, and instinct the holiest impulse that stirs man's bosom. Truth is mighty, and sweetness and light are winning qualities (in more senses than one). Morality has won its pre-eminence by "the right of the strongest," and has no need of assistance or protection from revelation, church, priestcraft, or state. Still less does it owe its origin or continuance to any of them. And yet almost every religion, every priestly order arrogates to itself the position of the true originator and only conservator of morality. Heaven forbid that it should rest on any such narrow and shifting foundation. Beautiful and inspiring as the spirit of worship is, and valuable and powerful as its influence, morality depends upon no one emotion or influence, but upon all the forces and pulses of nature. All the warmth of

man's nature, all the courage, the beauty, the vigor, of animal life, nay, even the beauty of the meadows, the sweep of the rolling tide, and the glory of the dawn, are in it and behind it.

Cut it off from the influence of any one of these, and it goes halting at once. Confide it to any one of these alone, and it withers and all but disappears. Even the religious instinct, for instance, must be balanced by the affections, the necessary appetites, the common sense of the masses, or the most painful and shocking perversions will occur. Of itself one of the purest and most exalted of emotions, it has earned itself as black a record as many of the vices, simply by having frequently been given unlimited sway over man's actions. The extremes of hatred, bigotry, and cruelty into which it has been led are, alas, household words, and in hatefulness, though not in frequency, equal, if not exceed those prompted by any of the "fleshy lusts." "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," but its profanity was not to be compared in either profuseness or malignity with the maledictions of an ordinary "sacrament" of excommunication.

The wrath of the "natural man" is fully appeased by killing his enemy, or at most scalping him afterwards, but that of the "holy father" or "shepherd of the flock" cannot rest at merely burning the heretic, but must damn his soul through all eternity as well.

The *superhuman* is sure to become the *inhuman* sooner or later. How much of the cruelty, intolerance, unscrupulousness, fatuous folly, which have too often marred the whole record of the Roman Catholic Church, have been due to her management solely by a body of professedly sexless clergy, who by their unnatural vow of celibacy are cut off from all the softening, humanising, ennobling, and refining influences of family life! What can they really know of the Great All Father, who are not and can never hope to be fathers themselves!

Morality is the flower born of all the struggling impulses of lowly but warm-hearted human nature, just as the violet is of the leaf-mold, the sunlight, and the dew. Any of the influences which had a *share* in its creation, *alone* would blight it, did not the others

come to its aid. Gentle as it is, it is irresistible and will flourish with equal placidity within our bosoms or among our ashes.

Beautiful, fragrant, and delicate though it be, it only asks the free air and sunlight of heaven, to defy alike the storm, the flood, and the tooth of time, and glorify the woodlands every spring until the sun grows cold.

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